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ANOTHER TEUTONIC PEACE-FEELER.

THE Austro-Hungarian peace proposals forwarded to Brest-Litovsk in the name of the Central Powers may beguile the Bolsheviks.

They may persuade a few war-sick Teutons that their Governments are forced to continue the struggle because of the uncompromising attitude of their enemies.

But the Cernin peace-feeler will not fool any of the Allies—among whom Russia need be no longer counted.

A general peace without forcible annexations and indemnities has a liberal sound. But Count Cernin's statement offers no reparation for Teutonic violation of the territory and rights of other peoples.

From the point of view of permanent European peace it proposes only a stacking of arms.

As for that fine phrase that "for the sake of conquest they (the Central Powers) will not prolong the war a single day," Prussianism has its own lexicon of meanings.

To the Prussian mind the subjugation of Belgium, Serbia, Poland and as much of France, Russia or any other nation as could be conveniently overrun would not constitute conquest.

It would be only the beneficent, God-directed expansion of Kultur.

The Government, we are told, plans to cut the big salaries of railroad executives. Maybe some roads can be persuaded to skin down the list of vice-presidents to an even dozen or so.

CHEERS FROM WALL STREET.

THAT part of the nation that always cocks an eye toward Wall Street to see whether it should view events with enthusiasm or alarm had no trouble in reading the signals yesterday.

The way the ticker registered approval of Government direction of railroads—at least when it carries a guarantee of net operating income reckoned on a liberal basis—went far to persuade the public that the New York Stock Exchange can dispense tonic as well as gloom in war time.

But the irony of it!

Here is Wall Street—which for years bedeviled railroads to their ruin, discredited railroad managements and brought indictment and condemnation upon railroad finance—capering with joy because the United States Government and the United States Treasury are now going to stand behind the railroads and make sure they give the country the service it needs!

Wall Street has been the great railroad wrecker. Often as it found itself caught under some of the wreckage, it nevertheless went on year after year building inverted pyramids out of unlimited stock issues, trying to squeeze out of snug railroad properties earnings big enough to pay dividends on enormous overcapitalization, ruining the properties in the process—reorganizing, merging, refinancing to stave off the crash.

The damage it did was responsible for the worst difficulties with which American railroads have subsequently had to struggle.

To-day is a memorable day in railroad history in the United States. It points to a new progress in railroad efficiency. It promises great things for the development of railroad co-operation. It assures the further rehabilitation of railroad finance.

Stocks go up as Wall Street sees a chance to bury a part of its ruthless past.

To boom the Stock Market: Pass the buck.

THE SHIPPERS' PART.

THERE is a sharp reminder for shippers in the statement issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the New York Public Service Commission and the Public Utilities Commission of New Jersey regarding their joint investigation of the freight blockade in the New York Harbor zone.

It is the intention of the joint committee to begin shortly to make public the names of consignees who disregard the urgent requests of the railroads and public authorities to unload cars promptly.

As an example of the abuse of railroad equipment, there is a car loaded with copper in one of the New York railroad yards which has been reloaded fifteen times and is still not unloaded.

The habit of using freight cars for storage purposes, while speculators sell and re-sell their contents, has been pernicious enough in times of peace. Under the pressure of war demands it cannot be tolerated.

Every individual or concern receiving a carload of freight should be compelled to empty and free the car in the shortest possible order.

If publicity fails to impress this need upon consignees, then penalties must follow.

It is time for shippers of all classes to understand that even under Government direction the railroads are not expected to supply the practical patriotism and co-operation which it is the duty of every shipper and consignee to furnish.

The latest peace proposals from the Central Powers via the Bolsheviks look like just peace proposals. Do we make ourselves clear?

Hits From Sharp Wits

Reform is always intended for the other man. Never was a reformer who prescribed it for himself.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

The "millions for defense" includes both dollars and men.—Los Angeles Times.

Under the Maryland Compulsory Work Law bootblacks are classed as soldiers. Is that an intimation to

young men that while the nation is at war they must not spend their time acquiring a polish?—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Women hate to answer questions, but love to ask them.—Chicago News.

The average milk cow yields 600 gallons a year, which looks like going over the top of the milk pail.—Memphis Commercial.

Running Orders

By J. H. Cassel



The Seven Ages Of Love

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

No. 1.—THE AGE OF DREAMS

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THERE are seven ages of love, and one age differs from another in glory and in discomfort.

First love is the most wonderful and the most uncomfortable of human emotions.

We are in the habit of making light of it, of saying to innocent young creatures just coming down with a first attack, "Pout, it's nothing, you'll get over it."

And so they will get over it, more's the pity, and grow into middle aged tepid persons like ourselves, just as ready as we are to discourage young, brilliant and beautiful beings who go wrapped in ecstasy.

We say to them, quite as if we sat at their bedside inside a scarlet fever quarantine: "It's awful, of course, but millions of people have had it and gotten over it, and remember you can never have it a second time."

And that, unfortunately, is quite true.

Not every one of us knows first love or any love. There are snug, successful human beings of both sexes who are genuinely bewildered by the degree of importance love seems to have for those it touches. There are men who suspect the emotions they inspire and women who sneer uncredulously at feelings they arouse themselves.

It is just as foolish to think that every one is capable of loving as to believe that every one can write poetry, build cathedrals or dance like Isadora Duncan. Men speak of the seven arts, ignoring love, the eighth and greatest art, which includes all the others. We are asked, sometimes, why men have surpassed women in the seven arts, but it is rarely claimed that men equal women in the art of loving.

I have thought occasionally that it is because women, as mothers, are artists in life itself that they are generally less successful than men in the more perishable mediums of words, music, paint or clay.

However this may be, I should say that the proportion of men to women capable of experiencing a serious love is about one to twenty-five.

Love leads a double life. In the hearts of many men. Quite recently a young man quoted to me with approval a line from a current play, "One woman to love and another to respect," and said that for him it would be impossible to love and re-

spect the same woman; that when he married he would marry for respect only.

This opinion, one of the ugly weeds of Puritanism, is quite common among certain types of young men and I don't know which I pity more, the unfortunate they love or the victims of their respect.

No such division occurs in the first Age of Love—the Age of Dreams, an age which rarely lasts into the twenties but which may begin at twelve or even ten or eight. In the last generation and in every generation before it, boys had many things to dream of—of being soldiers, being President, being cowboys or gold seekers, but girls had only a single theme. They could be nothing, have nothing except through love. And so girls began to think about love very early indeed.

My own very early childhood was made glorious by a dream of a being known both to me and the nurse who had told me about him as the Prince of "Whales." At the age of four I had fully determined to marry him and would sometimes describe to other little girls the blue silk dress I intended to wear at the ceremony. And then one day an ambitious little listener broke into the blue-silk rhapsody to say that she too was going to marry the Prince of Whales (we all thought his name meant that he was a whale of a prince).

I was perfectly willing to divide him, stungness never having been one of my vices, but another fairer little girl threw the Apple of Discord into the little group by declaring that only one of us could be the bride. Discussion rose to argument and argument to personal combat, which brought the mother of my rival into the room. And she, with what she fondly believed was the majesty of Solomon, put an end to the row and also to my first day dream by saying that the Prince of "Whales" was middle-aged, married, and had children old enough to be our mothers.

So end all dreams. And as all princes turn out to be middle aged and married, even if we have to marry them ourselves. But their reign is glorious nevertheless and the Age of Dreams is the Golden Age of Love.

SOME SPEED.

FULMINATE of mercury, which is used as the original detonating charge in torpedoes, expands at a furious rate. A writer in the Illustrated World makes a comparison between this rate of expansion and an express train travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

"Imagine," he says, "24,000 feet a second—instead of the eighty-nine feet a second made by a mile-a-minute train—and you will know why fulminate of mercury goes off in your hand with a finger with it and yet not burn your coat." That is the ultimate in speed.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WE haven't had any fun at all this winter, it seems to me," said Mrs. Jarr.

"The young girls are busy in Red Cross work or filling men's positions, and all the young men of spirit have gone to war, until nobody is left but old fogies. But, just the same, I intend we shall have a party of some kind. There's no use sitting around and sorrowing!"

"Well, anything for a quiet life," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm for the party thing."

"It seems an age since we had a pleasant gathering of any kind. Who will we invite?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Let's cut out the old dodos," suggested Mr. Jarr. "Get some lively folks and we'll cut up and have a high old time, for one night at least."

"And have people say that we are showing extremely bad taste when there is a war going on?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Still, we might forget all the sadness and trouble for one night, anyway."

"We won't," said Mrs. Jarr. "We'll be talking of how she suffers from neuritis," said Mr. Jarr. "By the way, what's become of old fashioned neuritis and rheumatism? No one is wearing them any more; neuritis is all the mode."

"Somebody will have to help me," said Mrs. Jarr. "My mother never complains when we have company, and if she's here there won't be any intoxicants put in the grape juice punch, like you and that man Rangle put in at the last party."

"She's lively," remarked Mr. Jarr. "She's the only one who isn't."

"But that's what you men like," said Mr. Jarr.

"We'll ask some of the nice people I met at the Ladies' War-time Knitting League," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "Let's see, there's Mrs. Soper. She suffers so from falling arches, but she'll come."

"I'll dance with her," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"And there's Mr. and Mrs. Blahley. She talks dreadfully of everybody, and Mr. Blahley gives me the creeps. He has a mouth like a shark, and his hands are so clammy that it feels as though you were shaking hands with a fish."

"They'll be charming additions to the affair," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"And I'll have to ask Charlie Dillinger. I despise that girl," said Mrs. Jarr. "If Jack Silver comes Charlie and he will be quarrelling the in-

stant they set eyes on each other."

"It looks to me that it is likely to be one of our old jolly affairs, indeed!" murmured Mr. Jarr.

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And we won't have dancing only; we'll have music and singing, too. The Clammer girls will bring their music, and we will have to have Mr. Pinkfinger to play their accompaniments. But I know that as soon as Jack Silver sets eyes on Mr. Pinkfinger he'll insult him."

"Jenkins can bring his wife and Johnson will bring the girl he's engaged to."

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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V ERILY, verily, my daughter, hast thou observed how the Expert Cook and the Expert at Love resemble one another in their notorious wags?

For lo, I have watched them at their work, and the mixing of a salad and the charming of a man were alike wonderful unto me!

Go to! If thou pesterest with a Good Cook, saying: "Tell me how thou makest a salad dressing," she answereth ALWAYS, saying:

"Oh, it is exceedingly easy!"

"Behold, thou pesterest in the vinegar and the oil, according to thy judgment—sufficient of the one to make it smooth and enough of the other to make it tart—and mixeth them according to thy discretion!"

Lo, thou addest salt, according to thy taste, and paprika and pepper in proper quantities, and sugar to sweeten it as thou deemest fit—just a little of everything, and not too much of anything!"

And, alas, when she hath finished her instructions thou knowest no more than thou didst before!

For she measurcth by instinct and mixeth by intuition and cooketh by second sight!

Likewise, if thou importest a fascinating woman to tell thee how to charm a MAN she answereth always, saying:

"Oh, it is exceedingly EASY!"

"Behold, thou charmeth them with a little of everything—and not too much of anything; with a little frankness to disarm their suspicious, and a little mystery to arouse their curiosity; with a little flattery to delight their vanity, and a little indifference to pique their interest; a little sweet new to keep them hoping and a little coldness to keep them humble; a little encouragement to keep them guessing and a little discouragement to keep them chasing!"

And lo, when she hath finished her instructions thou knowest no more than thou didst before!

For she lureth them by instinct and baiteth them by intuition, and readeth their moods by second sight!

Verily, verily, in love as in cooking theory counteth not at all and brains but little, for it is ALL a matter of intuition and experience.

Yet this ONE rule do I give unto thee, My Daughter: If thou wouldst charm a man or cook for him watch the fire!

Yes, see to it that the flame be neither too dim nor too intense, for love, like unto pudding, should be neither frozen nor burnt out, but kept "simmering" forever!

Selah.

"Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks

THE WOMAN WHO DID HER WORK TWICE.

ONE afternoon last summer I dropped in at the inviting little bungalow of Mrs. Brown.

Her day's work was apparently done and she was sitting on the veranda in a spotless white linen suit embrodering. As we talked, however, I noticed her several times, almost unconsciously, glance through

the window of the living room in a vague, speculative way, which made me wonder what was on her mind.

I have an idea you will smile as much as I did when I tell you soberly just what it was—and just what Mrs. Brown, at the close of her day's work, was worrying about. It was the peaches she intended to preserve the next day. She had just received two bushels, so ripe that they had to be used at once, and her cellar was already overstocked, for she had been following Mr. Hoover's advice "about food conservation."

Where was she going to put those peaches? What was she to do with them? I turned the matter of Mrs. Brown over in my mind for a few minutes—over I knew she was only a type that thousands of other women would fit—and then I said to her bluntly:

"Do you ever realize that you do the same work over several times—when once ought to be amply sufficient?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, for she prided herself somewhat on her household system.

"Just this. You anticipate mentally everything you have to do to-morrow—and some of the things you have planned for next week, maybe. You have reason enough to say to yourself, 'Suffice unto the day,' and yet you are trying to do with your mind to-day the task you will have to do with your hands to-morrow. I dare say you have gone over mentally a dozen times every detail of the preserving you have planned to do. You are tiring yourself out

ridiculously simple way you have never thought of at all when you go to it." I shook my head, "Somehow we are up to us, though, whether we drive our work on to a satisfactory completion, or whether our work drives us to sleepless nights and racked minds, and tired bodies that are not really able to carry through the necessary duties that come to us."

Mrs. Brown looked very thoughtful when I left her. "I am glad you came," she said. "You have shown before—and which I see now I needed to know very badly."

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Pocket Stoves for Heatless Days

THEIR effort to combat the dangers of a heatless day New Yorkers might adopt the pocket stoves used in Japan.

These are called kairo, or pocket braziers, and are guaranteed to keep the person warm who carries one about with him. The fuel is made of hemp stalks, from which the fibre has been taken, and the stalks then turned into charcoal.

This charcoal is packed into a casing, something like a sausage and the stove fired as one may wish. When it is fairly lighted the charcoal burns without smoke or flame, giving forth a steady heat that would be most welcome to many a flat-dweller.

In Japan enough fuel for a single charge costs one-sixth of a cent, and will last for three hours. But, of course, we would have to consider the pocket-stove trust, should these suggestions be adopted. There is no such trust at present, but no doubt it could be quickly formed.

During the Russo-Japanese War many a soldier of the Mikado kept himself from freezing by use of these cutting off all heat.

These stoves are about the size of a pocket cigar case, and are usually made of tin or some finer metal. They do not become red hot, as might be supposed, but just pleasantly warm, and give forth a steady heat while the fuel lasts. Such a stove would be particularly desirable for commuters, who might reach home without being frozen to their seats, as is often the case at present.

In Japan it is a custom among aged or feeble persons to sleep with one of these stoves in their night clothing. Delicate children are sent to school with a little stove in their pocket, and on a journey are so to it that their stoves are burning brightly before they start. If coal continues to advance in price, landlords no doubt will be interested in supplying their tenants with a pocket stove and cutting off all heat.

HOW DARWIN'S WORK BEGAN.

CHARLES DARWIN laid the foundation for his great work on the evolution of man while acting as naturalist to the expedition of H. M. S. Beagle, which was despatched to South American waters for a hydrographical survey in 1832.